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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

FALL 1961

IN BRIEF...

A dado, in case you don't already know, is the lower part of the wall of an apartment when specially decorated. You will enjoy a very special story about a very special dado on page 28.

Ever hear of The Nature Conservancy? You can find out about the work of this unique organization, starting on page 44.

Dr. Cratis William's penetrating analysis of mountain speech in all its variables continues in this issue as the third article of a series, on page 7.

J. Marshall Porter reports on another small industry suited to the cooperative efforts of small mountain communities. A relatively small capital investment and good market potential characterize the business ventures Mr. Porter has suggested in this and past articles. See page 33.

With this issue, Mountain Life & Work, in keeping with the Civil War Centennial celebration, begins a series of stories and articles guaranteed to interest buffs and duffers alike. W. Ames Le Grande's story begins on page 49.

"Letter From England," printed in the Summer-'60 issue, referred to the broadside ballad. Our request for more information resulted in the page 16 article.

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK
VOL. XXXVII NO. 3
FALL 1961

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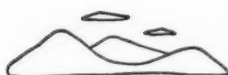
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1961

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ABOUT THE COVER:

A view seen from Chimney Rock, North Carolina.

Acknowledgments on page 37.

SING OUT!

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Now in its 10th year of publication, SING OUT is the oldest, regularly-published folk song periodical in America. Each issue contains 12-15 traditional and contemporary folk-songs, plus articles on folk music and news of the current folk song scene by such writers as Alan Lomax, Pete Seeger, Ruth Rubin, and many others. Edited by Irwin Silber, published five times yearly.

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COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN
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College Box 2000 - Berea, Ky.

From our readers

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is always read with interest, particularly because of my own interest in the Southern Mountain folk songs and background.

In your summer 1961 issue you reprinted a story from the 1936 issue of your magazine under the heading of *Thoughts of a Kentucky Miner*, and you say you do not know the author as a pen name was used. The author of that story was Don West, my Daddy. At that time he lived and had been working in a Kentucky coal mine. The story you printed is itself indicative of how close his thinking ran to the feeling of the coal miner.

You are also correct in assuming that he has written more, much more. For the recent period he has been working on a book about the people of the Old South who opposed slavery and were loyal to the Union. In this the mountain South comes in for a large share.

We are mountain people also; my Dad from North Georgia and my Mother from Eastern Kentucky. Right now they are taking a break from the regular routine to spend two months in Guadalajara, Mexico.

Sincerely,
Hedy West
563 Amsterdam Avenue

New York 24, New York

Dear Editor:

A friend recently showed me a copy of your interesting publication (summer 1961). My wife and I would very much like to have a copy of this issue.

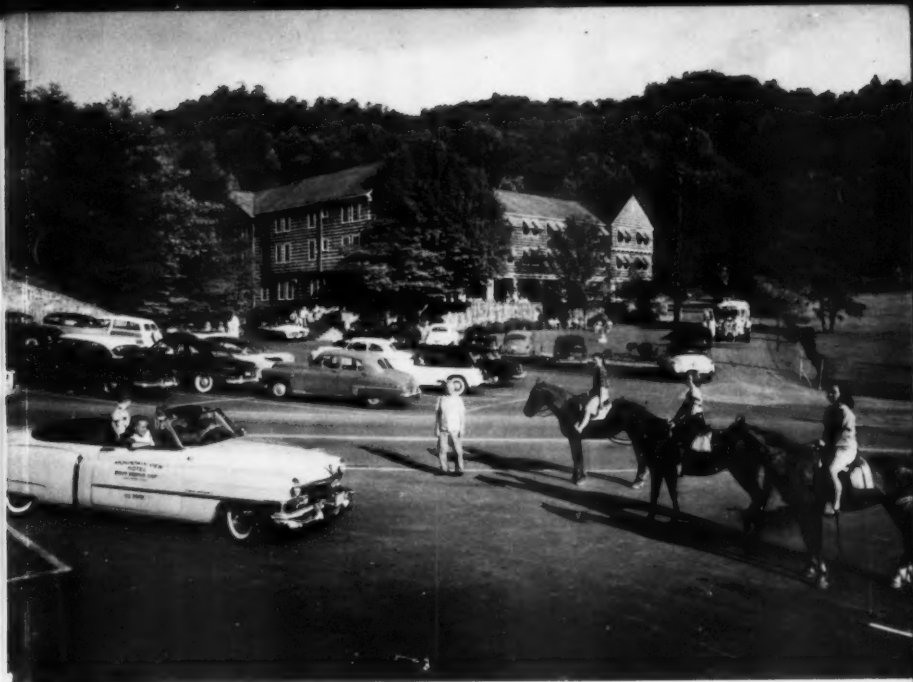
We were particularly interested in *Thoughts of a Kentucky Miner* and your comments regarding the true identity of the author who wrote it in 1936. You were correct in assuming that the author knows something about the art of writing. Among his books are the following: *Crab Grass*, *Between the Plow Handles*, *Toil and Hunger*, *Clods of Southern Earth*, and *The Road is Rocky*.

By now you have probably guessed his identity—the Georgia poet, Don West.

My wife, Grace, and I are proud to tell you that Don dedicated *The Road is Rocky* to us.

Sincerely,
Harry Koger
639 Santa Clara Walk

San Antonio 10, Texas



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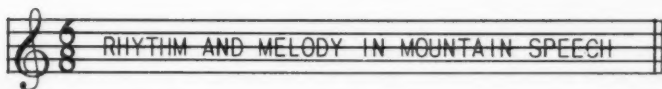
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MOUNTAIN SPEECH



Dr. Cratis Williams

Forming the rhythmic patterns of the speech of the people of the Southern Mountains are low intonations, leisurely pace and, in matters of grammar and diction, that lack of self-consciousness which precludes the false starts and sputterings sometimes heard in the speech of the educated.

The use of ancient, strong past-tense forms of verbs, archaic subjunctives, early English participles, old-fashioned prepositions, pleonasms (rifle-gun, boy-baby, hound-dog, etc.), and heavy stress on certain final syllables (president, judgment) produces metrical patterns similar to those found in traditional nursery rhymes, riddles, ballads, and folk songs. Contractions, elisions, and telescoping unfamiliar to the ear of the cultured outsider, archaic tags, strange idioms, and involved prepositional clusters belonging to another day, elaborate negative constructions, localisms, and a strictly observed by unself-conscious traditional grammar produce a poetic quality similar to that of folk epics and the quaint reliques of primitive people.

The Southern Highlanders, along with Southerners generally, omit g in ing endings. Strictly speaking, the g is not omitted, of course, for it was never there in the first place. Passing by oral tradition through a series of generations of relatively unlettered folk, what appears today in cultured English as ing is in mountain speech the un (the vowel a schwa) to which the Anglo-Saxon participle ending ende was reduced in time. The absence of the palatal ing, which tends to put a brake on rhythm in cultured speech, facilitates the liquid flow of the mountaineer's speech, and particularly so because the schwa ties the syllable to the preceding one so closely that it invariably becomes the lightest kind of unstress: a-com'n, a-fight'n, a-hoe'n, etc. This characteristic of the

mountaineer's use of the ing ending differentiates it from that of other Southerners, who tend to syllabicate in' more strongly, as in com-in, writ-in, help-in, and who sound the vowel short as in tin.

The Middle English preposition a (usually meaning on, in, by), the indefinite article a (never an!), the idiomatic use of a with all and numbers (as Chaucer used it) serve as cushions in keeping mountain speech flowing smoothly. The unstressed prefix be- (pronounced bi-), the spurious schwa inserted in polysyllabic words, the syllabic endings of certain plural nouns and singular verbs in the third person of the present tense, the fondness for such adjectival inflections as -y, -ish, -acious, and -like lend a melodic quality to the mountaineer's speech which may be unique in modern times.

Certain traditional rules of grammar enhance the melody of the highlander's speech. It is noteworthy in this regard that m is more melodic than s and more easily managed than z. Them as a demonstrative adjective is universally used, frequently by the college bred, in preference to those, a word to which the mountaineer is instinctively averse. Yourn, hisn, hern, ourn, theirn (your one, your own, etc.), and youns or younse, as well as thisn and thatn, possess a musical quality of their own. The use of hissel and theirsell or theirselves (pronounced hisse'f, etc.) in preference to himself and themselves is perhaps the same expression of the enormous respect for the integrity of self as that reflected in political and religious writings of the eighteenth century, for his own self and their own selves are frequently heard. Eschewing the use of such contractions as isn't, aren't, hasn't, haven't, and hadn't (for which ain't or hain't, as the rhythm and emphasis require, is quite generally substituted), the mountain man trips lightly over many a phrase with which the tongue of his better-favored contemporary would labor awkwardly. The relative pronoun that does triple service for the highlander, for who and which, although occurring frequently as interrogatives, are simply not used as relative pronouns. Moreover, what as a relative pronoun referring to persons, although sometimes placed in the mouths of mountain folk by novelists, is practically unknown in the entire mountain region.

Mountain people become dramatic easily. In moments of excitement and anger they rise to superb heights in the quality of their rhetoric. In reciting personal experiences or telling what they have been witness to they display qualities which belong to the best of oral literature. They love figures of speech, trenchant

epigrams, compound oaths, and superlative phrases, but at the same time they have scrupulous regard for the exact detail and the actual fact. Even the most illiterate mountain folk are familiar with the contents of the King James Version of the Bible, frequently through oral tradition, and Biblical quotations find their way easily into mountain speech. Rhetorical devices of Elizabethan prose, even to exaggerated scurrility, may be identified by the careful listener.

Following are illustrations of mountain speech:

To the dog: Begone! Git out'n hyar, you torn-down critter, afore I break ever' bone in ye with this hyar arn poker! (Turning to the guest.) Now, watch at it! Hit won't be five minutes 'till that bag o' fleas'll be right back in hyar a-swarpin' an' a-swarvin' around. Ye can drive it out a dozen times, an' alry time ye have a mind to look ye can see the lowdown thang a-layin' on the hath-rock a-snappin' at its fleas and a-smoulin' over hitself. (Spitting toward the fireplace.) Sometimes I wish, by ___, ever' dog on this hyar place was right in the fur fork of hell with its back broke. They hain't a one on the place, an' I reckon we got a dozen of 'em, that's wuth the powder and lead hit'd take to blow its brains out. Let a chicken git in the gyarden, an' ye can bawl yer head off fer a dog, but won't nary one on the place come a-nigh ye.

Farmer to a passer-by: Horry! Wull, sur, she's a hot'n, hain't she? Sixty-two degrees hotter'n hell, I reckon. I've been a-settin' hyar under the shade o' this hyar mulbarry bursh the pa-ast ha-alf a ãuer, an' 'pyears like I cain't git a breath o' frash air. I'm a-dreddin' them weeds like pizen, too. Agin I got my crap hoed out'n the fust weeds, the tides come. Hit's been so wet a body couldn't afford to rurn his ground a-workin' it, and the weeds a-glittin' vagrouser an' vagrouser ever' day. Withouten ye git yer crap hoed out afore the June tides come, ye jist might as well fer to set down an' set thar, looks like. Try to work an' ye cain't do no good no how don't 'pyear like, in this hyar heat hotter'n the middle kittle of hell. Why don't ye light an' let yer saddle rest? We'll go out to the hãuse attar 'while and let ye see how pore folks live. The ole womern come out an' help me a little while, but she's down thar now a-whackin' off chunks o' hog's jowl as big as yer hand and' a-throwin' 'em in the pot o' leather-britchty beans. They'll be larrupin' good fer sartain shore agin ye can step on the head o' yer shadder.

Mountain speech at the folk level probably differs little from the common speech of the semilliterate masses living on the American frontiers during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Transcriptions of present-day mountain speech written out reveal only slight differences from vernacular American English placed in the mouths of backwoodsmen in the 1830's by such writers of fiction as James Hall and John Pendleton Kennedy. Southern humorists recorded the same general kind of speech. When written down, contemporary mountain speech brings back memories to Midwesterners of ancient grandfathers and lusty companions swapping yarns around pot-bellied stoves in crossroads stores. END



A subsistence farm shoulders its way among the surrounding hills.

NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE...

keep city from draggin'

by William H. Baker

"The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them."

These words from George Bernard Shaw might be used to refer to the citizens of Middlesboro, Kentucky, who through a relatively new community organization have gotten up to look for the circumstances they want, and when failing to find them, have suggested ways and means to create them.

As a direct result of the organization, formally known as the Middlesboro Round Table, this Southeastern Kentucky town boasts of new civic projects, renewed community spirit, and a zeal for betterment for everyone living here.

One significant aspect of the group's regular monthly meetings is that no action is taken. The get-togethers are strictly "talk" sessions. Yet, action almost always follows the discussions.

The purpose of the Round Table, as stated in its constitution, is "to provide a forum for the discussion of problems, coordination of efforts, and the dissemination of information, recommendations, programs, and plans for the development of a greater Middlesboro."

Membership is limited to one delegate and one alternate from generally recognized civic, service, religious, and fraternal organizations interested in the development of the city and the area. Virtually every organization and every segment of the population is represented in the membership.

The officers include a president, first and second vice-presidents, and a secretary-treasurer. These officers, with three directors, compose the executive board which is responsible for determining the agenda and procedures for each meeting.

Basically, each meeting is planned in advance, and often a group of panelists leads the members in considering one specific topic dealing with some phase of community life. Then, every member of the Round Table engages in a more thorough discussion and suggests ways of improving, altering, or changing conditions to make the town a better place in which to live.

Perhaps the key to the success of the Round Table lies in the fact that the meetings are informal and everyone has an opportunity to enter the discussions and make suggestions. No one is limited in or prohibited from participating actively in the regular meetings.

Another important factor is that the Middlesboro Daily News and Radio Station WMIK actively support the organization with announcements of meetings and reports of the discussions. Therefore, every citizen learns of the plans and programs.

In addition to this, the delegates report back to their respective clubs, inform their members of recommended action, and often receive new ideas for the next Round Table meeting.

In June, the topic was tourism and tourist hospitality.

A panel composed of a service station manager, the Chamber of Commerce executive manager, the historian from the Cumberland Gap National Historical Park, and a hotel manager discussed various problems Middlesboro faces as a host city for tourists. A score of suggestions was offered during the meeting



ROUND TABLE PARTICIPANTS DISCUSS TOURISM AND TOURIST HOSPITALITY.

and everyone in attendance participated in the discussion.

A few days later, the Lions Club noted some of the shortcomings outlined by the Round Table and decided to do something about them. As a result, Middlesboro now has a new tourist information center on U.S. 25-E near the entrance to the Cumberland Gap Park. The center was constructed by Lions who managed to secure most of the materials free from local businessmen. Volunteers including Lions, their wives, and

families manned the center during the last few weeks of the tourist season, and plans are already being discussed for the full season next year.



MIDDLESBORO LIONS CLUB MEMBERS CONSTRUCT A TOURIST INFORMATION CENTER.

Going one step further, the Lions published five thousand copies of a four-page brochure titled "Welcome to Middlesboro." The leaflet contains brief stories of things to do and see in this area. It is being used for tourists and for distribution to persons attending conventions in the city.

During the time the Lions were considering plans for the tourist information center, another organization in town was working on an idea to make the downtown business district a more attractive place for visitors as well as for those who live in Middlesboro.

The Cumberland Park Garden Club decided to begin a program of beautification on Fountain Square, in the heart of the city. A local industry agreed to provide white concrete tables and benches for the four corners of the square. Not only would they be attractive, but they would also serve a utilitarian purpose for tired shoppers.

No sooner had the project been undertaken than the merchants decided to donate canopies for each table, providing an additional note of beauty and comfort for the shopper or visitor in town. Since then, merchants and businessmen have



SHOPPERS ENJOY SHADE AND COMFORT ON NEWLY-DECORATED FOUNTAIN SQUARE.

In mid-August, the merchants and garden club members decided that an important step had been neglected in their combined beautification efforts. Downtown sidewalks were dirty, curbs were cluttered, and occasionally a cluster of grass could be spotted growing in sidewalk cracks.

With the assistance of city street department employees, the added incentives of refreshments and a street square dance, the two groups set aside a "Big Sweep" night, and everybody got into the act of cleaning up the downtown area.

Brooms, mops, grass clippers, and assorted cleaning tools appeared, and dozens of participants enjoyed the chore of ridding Middlesboro's main business district of dirt and debris.

These examples of community action resulting from one tourist "talk" session of the Round Table could be expanded; however, they serve to point out the importance of the organization. They should also lend hope to other mountain communities seeking effective ways of improvement.

For one of its meetings earlier this year, there was no agenda and no specific topic to be discussed. The Round Table members placed "idea boxes" in stores, offices, and business establishments throughout the city, asking citizens for their ideas "to make Middlesboro a better place in which to live."

There was no hesitancy on the part of residents to offer their ideas and suggestions. Here was a chance to be heard, and they took advantage of the opportunity. Hundreds of suggestions were offered and many of them were read at the meeting. They were then passed on to organizations and agencies in the city for action.

Because the Round Table is not an action group, it does not conflict with the city government, Chamber of Commerce, or other organizations at work in town. Instead, it has their complete cooperation and is often able to provide them with ideas and suggestions which can be translated into beneficial action for the community as a whole.

Middlesboro is engaged in an overall program of improvement and much of the credit belongs to the Round Table. The citizens of Middlesboro are demonstrating that with some imagination, hard work, and a spirit of cooperation, great strides in community betterment can be achieved. END

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RETROSPECT

The Broadside Ballad

by

Leslie Shepard



The broadside ballad is the printed sheet of verses that flourished from the early sixteenth century until the end of the nineteenth century. For four centuries, these flimsy sheets were sold by pedlars in the streets of towns and cities and at country fairs.

We call them broadside ballads because a broadside was simply a piece of paper printed on one side. Proclamations, handbills and other street ephemera are near relations of the broadside ballad. Some of the earliest broadsides were ecclesiastical documents—papal bulls, indulgences, licenses to confessors, and so on; a broadside by Caxton dates back to 1477.

Broadside ballads began life with the spread of cheap printing, but the word ballad is misleading, as the pieces printed on the sheets do not belong to one distinct metrical, poetical or musical form. Historically, the Traditional Ballad is a form of popular folk poetry that crystallised soon after the middle ages. With the decline of folk memory and the oral tradition, the broadside ballad grew out of the remains of traditional balladry and exploited the growing taste for topical songs. There was always a good proportion of traditional material on balladsheets, but the main emphasis was on religion, politics, marvellous signs and wonders, monstrous births, merry love songs and all the gossip of the day. The broadside ballad told the news in verse, and was, in fact, the forerunner of the popular cheap newspapers of today.

Balladsheets were sold by pedlars and rogues like Autolycus in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale":

"Here's another ballad. Of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four score of April, forty thousand fathoms above
16

water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true..."

If Shakespeare's sly humor seems far-fetched, here are two actual sixteenth century titles:

"THE DISCRIPTION OF A RARE OR RATHER MOST
MONSTROUS FISHE TAKEN ON THE EAST COAST OF
HOLLAND THE XVII. OF NOVEMBER, ANNO 1566."

"THE TRUE DISCRIPTION OF TWO MONSTEROUS
CHYLDREN BORNE AT HERNE IN KENT. THE XXVII.
DAIE OF AUGUSTE IN THE YERE OF OUR LORDE
M. CCCCC. LXV."

Such signs and wonders were used to moralise about the sins of the times. Other typical early titles show the range of subject-matter:

"THE VALLIANTE ACTS OF GUY OF WARWICK"

"THE MERCHANTE'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOLE"

"DAMNABLE PRACTISES OF THREE LINCOLNSHIRE
WITCHES"

"THIS MAID WOULD GIVE TEN SHILLINGS FOR A KISS"

"A VERY LAMENTABLE AND WOFUL DISCOURS OF
THE FIERCE FLUDS, WHICHE LATELY FLOWED IN
BEDFORDSHIRE, IN LINCOLNSHIRE, AND IN MANY
OTHER PLACES, WITH THE GREAT LOSSES OF SHEEP
AND OTHER CATTEL. The v. of October, Anno Dom-
ini 1570"

Some of these already read like newspaper headlines.

The popularity of the street balladsheets coincided with the steady decline of the traditional and professional minstrel, and by the period of Elizabeth I, minstrels had become legally ranked with rogues, vagabonds and beggars. The printed sheets must have contributed largely to the downfall of traditional balladry in favour of the new popular street songs. Who would pay a minstrel to chant long oldfashioned ballads of far-off times when you could buy a smart up-to-date broadside for one penny?

Religion, politics and news were popular subjects throughout the dramatic and colourful periods of social change between Henry VIII and the Commonwealth of 1649. Topical ballads and old country songs jointly satisfied the need for news and the nostalgia for tradition. Broad-sides suffered a temporary setback during the Commonwealth period, when stage players and ballad singers risked the pillory and whipping post, or worse. None the less, the

Puritan repression of popular music and dance has been sometimes overemphasised. Even in the reign of Elizabeth I, an act had prescribed that convicted minstrels be "grievously whipped and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about," and a third offence could entail "death without benefit of clergy or privilege of sanctuary." Playford's Introduction to the Skill of Musick was published during the Puritan period, and his English Dancing-Master first appeared in 1651. The Restoration period is, of course, marked by greater freedom of expression in song and drama, and many bawdy ballads date from that time.

Broadsides flourished in England until the end of the nineteenth century, and during their last hundred years of life the output was phenomenal. One is astounded and sometimes overwhelmed by the sheer weight of material. The Baring-Gould collection in the British Museum contains nearly twelve thousand broadsides, mostly from the nineteenth century, when one London printer alone advertised "upwards of five thousand different sorts of ballads." This was an age of great social change, faithfully mirrored in the subjects of these sheets. The Victorian period is one of startling contrasts. Under the cheerful philanthropic facade of the 1830's lay the underworld of the big cities—the gin-shops, penny gaffs, unemployment and grinding poverty; a world of paupers, murderers, criminals and baby-farmers, where little boys were still put to climbing chimneys and women and children worked in the coal-mines. It was also the age of progress, of railways, industrialisation, social reform, music-halls and pleasure gardens, Alfred Lord Tennyson, "Punch" magazine and the bloomer costume. All these, and many other themes, can be found in the street broadsides. Here are a few titles at random:

"NAPOLEON TALKS OF WAR BOYS"

"THE STRIKE OF THE LONDON CABMEN"

"A NEW SONG ON THE BLOOMER COSTUME"

"PRETTY PEGGY OF DERBY"

"THE LIVERPOOL LANDLADY"

"WHAT'S OLD ENGLAND COME TO?"

The list could be an endless one. It was during the nineteenth century that some of the last of traditional ballads and songs were being gathered by enlightened collectors like the Rev. Baring-Gould and Cecil Sharp. Many of the old country favourites made their final appearance on the broadsides, things like:

"THE CRUEL SHIP'S CARPENTER"

"THREE MAIDENS A MILKING WOULD GO"

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METAL
THREADS

COTTON
YARNS

SHUTTLES

GOLDEN RULE PRODUCTS, ALWAYS
KNOWN FOR ITS VAST STOCKS OF
IMPORTED LINEN YARNS, HAS AC-
QUIRED THE STOCK AND EXCLUSIVE
SALE OF

LOOMS

WOOLS
(SCOTCH
TWEED)

PATONS and BALDWIN
Weaving wools from Scotland

CARPET
WARP &
ROVING

LEASE
STICKS

USING THESE GLORIOUS WOOLS
THAT MADE SCOTLAND AND SCOT-
TISH WEAVERS FAMOUS, YOU CAN
NOW EXPLORE AN EXCITING NEW
WORLD OF CHECKS AND PLAIDS.

LINEN
CROCHET
THREAD

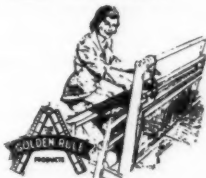
Golden Rule "Woodpecker" and "Tweed" from Scotland and
Tam O'Shanter "Worsted" made in the U.S.A.

NAME
TAPES

THEY COME IN CONVENIENT TUBES,
READY TO USE SUITABLE FOR
BOTH WARP AND WEFT.

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IRISH
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YARNS



WARPS

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REEDS

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THE LEADING LOOMS, INCLUDING
THE "MISSOURI," THE "LeCLERC"
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HEDDLES

Office and Showroom

11th Street and Pelham Avenue, New Market, New Jersey

"THE MANTLE SO GREEN"
"BLOW THE CANDLES OUT"
"BARBARA ALLEN"

Much has been said on the question of broadside versions of traditional songs and ballads. A few years ago it was fashionable to disparage the broadsides as "corrupt," "decadent" and "inferior" versions of the country tradition. Nowadays we are not so sure about some of the details of the intermarriage of the two streams of tradition—printed and oral. Ever since the printed broadside came into being, it has helped to reinforce and stabilize the oral tradition, and in some instances has given rise to new oral traditions. There is some evidence of folk singers learning from printed sheets. In English Country Songs, Broadwood and Maitland state:

"The spread of ballads in England was of course due to the pedlars, who sold ballad-sheets with their other wares... only last year (1891), an old carter in Surrey said he had one of his songs 'off a ballet' a long time since."

(It is interesting to note, by the way, how the term "ballet" has survived in Kentucky folk speech for a printed or written copy of a ballad. The word is some four centuries old.)

From the seventeenth century onwards, English settlers in America brought ballads and songs with them from both oral and broadside tradition, and by now it is very difficult to disentangle the two. A great many of the songs and ballads in current American oral tradition have, at one time or another, been printed on broadsides either in England or America. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, English ballad printers exported many broadsides to America. At the same time, American printers had begun to issue their own sheets, some from the oral tradition of settlers, others copied from English broadsides.

When a Kentucky folk singer recalls that he learnt a ballad "from his grandsire," we can roughly estimate a period when this piece became part of a family oral tradition, but how did his grandsire pick up the ballad? Was it part of the tradition of his forebears in some quiet English village? Did some early relation learn it from a sheet sold by an itinerant balladsinger at an English country fair?

By now it is very difficult to tell. Ballad printers collected the country ballads and printed them on their broadsides. In turn, the broadsides intermingled with a purer oral tradition, perhaps to be collected once more and printed again with new variations. In this way, basic source-ballads might multiply into dozens of new songs.

For example, there is a beautiful folk song from oral tradition

in England and America which is usually called "TEN THOUSAND MILES" or "THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL." One verse runs:

"Now fare thee well, my own true love,
Now fare thee well for a while.
Though I go far away I will surely come again,
Though I go Ten Thousand Miles, my dear,
Though I go Ten Thousand Miles..."

Now there is a broadside in the famous Osterley Park Collection called "THE UNKIND PARENTS, or The Languishing Lamentation of two Loyal Lovers." The first verse is as follows:

"Now fare thou well my Dearest Dear,
And fare thou well a while,
Altho' I go I'll come again;
if I go ten thousand mile, Dear Love;
if I go ten thousand mile..."

This ballad was printed (perhaps not for the first time) between 1690 and 1702, and may well be based on a folk song current at the time. Yet the modern oral tradition is too close to the broadside form to be other than an offshoot of it. Another variation of this piece stems from Burns' working over of the theme in "MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

Take a cheerful nineteenth century Anglo-Irish broadside piece like "BRIAN O LINN":

"Brian O Linn, his wife and wife's mother,
Were all going home o'er the bridge together.
The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in,
'We'll go home by the water,' says Brian O Linn."

"THOM OF LIN" is the name of a dance mentioned in the "COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLAND" (1549), while a stage comedy by William Wager around 1575 has a character who quotes lines from old songs, including:

"Tom a Lin and his wife, and his wives mother
They went over a bridge all three together,
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
The devil go with all, quoth Tom a Lin."

Again, some Anglo-American folksongs often end with the couplet: "There's a bridle (or 'bread and cheese') upon the shelf, if you want any more you can sing it yourself." This sounds very modern, but it is also in Wager's sixteenth century play:

"I layde my bridle upon the shelve,
If you will any more sing it yourself."

Today, we can no longer be sure of the "purity" of an oral tradition, and must acknowledge the valuable function of the ballad-sheet in preserving and helping to shape tradition. This was,

however, largely an unconscious service performed by cheapjacks and tavern writers whose main aim was to make a little money in hard times! In the squalid surroundings of London slums, pot-poets were hired to write doggerel on topical events or to recall old country folk songs. The nineteenth century printers put out traditional material side by side with topical ballads, gallows songs, and reprints of poems by Burns, Moore, Tennyson, Hood, Dickens and others.

It is difficult to realise, thumbing through old thin scraps of paper, that these thousands upon thousands of songs were printed to be sung. It is perfectly true that many of these compositions were in appallingly sentimental taste by modern standards, and many of the topical ballads were of an incredible crudity and naïveté—yet they were all popular. Part of the magic of the ballad, in all its various forms, is its strange power to move the heart rather than the intellect. Throughout the centuries educated men have stood among the eager crowds. In the seventeenth century, the worthy Richard Corbett, Doctor of Divinity, sang and sold ballads at Abingdon Cross, and in America the young Benjamin Franklin wrote and sold ballads. Ballad collecting was the hobby of Samuel Pepys, and John Selden before him. Oliver Goldsmith wrote and sold ballads as a student in Dublin. Today, much of our knowledge of the first two centuries of broadside balladry stems from the scholarship of Professor Hyder E. Rollins of Harvard University.

Broadsides died out in the first years of the twentieth century after more than three hundred years of vigorous prolific life. Throughout the nineteenth century the newspaper proper gained ground steadily. After all, the prose newspaper is a more flexible form than the verse broadside. And it is not so great a step from such broadside titles as: "HORRIBLE AND BARBAROUS MURDER OF POOR JAELE DENNY" and "SELF DESTRUCTION OF FEMALE BY THROWING HERSELF OFF THE MONUMENT" to the more snappy headlines of the popular press.

The appearance of cheap, well-edited illustrated newspapers in place of the old broadside sheets found a ready-made public. At the beginning of the twentieth century English people had stopped singing songs for themselves, indeed in many public houses singing was discouraged and forbidden. In the cities, societies arose for the suppression of street noises, and local bylaws were passed to forbid songs and music in the street. Only in the countryside a few old men remembered well-loved words.

Meanwhile in the frontiers and lonely spaces, in the communities of the great American continent, the old songs and ballads had found a new home.

In the cities of England, the eager, jostling, living tide of humanity that swept through the streets for four centuries had passed away, leaving with the dying echo of many voices only a few scraps of paper. These have become the prize of the antiquary and the scholar. The sheets once priced at one penny have become precious and costly testaments—"antique ballads, sung to crowds of old, now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold." END



BACK ISSUES NEEDED

Every so often a library, college or university orders a complete back file of *Mountain Life & Work*. While the majority of back issues are available, there remain a number of them which are no longer in our file; others are damaged, and still others are down to the minimum of copies which must remain in the Council library as a permanent record of past publications.

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When a Cow Steps On Your Foot

REV. FRANK R. SNAVELY



The other day a preacher-friend at the county seat received a letter from a farmer who asked, "When a cow steps on your foot, what do you think of God?" The farmer was quite serious, and he asked a question which ought to receive more than a passing thought. Not only did he turn purple from having a thousand pounds of beef step on a sensitive ingrown toenail, but he broke the Third Commandment of Moses. When that cow stepped on that farmer's foot out in the barnyard a very un-theological expression burst from his lips. What that farmer was thinking about that cow and its future welfare wasn't very nice.

Now this fellow was disturbed because he doesn't go around like some men with both blessing and cursing coming from the same mouth. He is the kind of man who is loved at home. On top of this he is a deacon in the church, teaches a class of 4-H young people in Sunday school, and is a director for the Farmer's Co-Op. This qualifies him to be an outstanding citizen. But he had discovered in this barnyard fracas that there was something deep down inside him which wasn't exactly God-like. He had discovered the truth about his humanness, the truth about his brotherhood with other men who, like the Apostle Paul, do things they don't want to do without knowing why.

Take that "Goosey" Jones and what happened to him over at Neverfail Church. "Goosey" is the jumpiest fellow you ever saw. Once he was wrassling playful like with his wife on the front porch at home. She happened to touch him under the armpit, and before you could say "Amen" he hauled off and knocked her clean into the yard. But he didn't mean to, no more than he meant to say the

wrong thing during prayer meeting at Neverfail Church. You see, the preacher had called on "Goosey" to pray. At the time he was sitting on one of those oak-splint, open-back chairs (some of the city folks call them "early American"), with his elbows resting on his knees and his jaw in his hands. Deep in thought he was, because "Goosey" always had to do a lot of thinking when he prayed. He was right in the middle of his prayer, asking the Lord to bless everyone present, when a cute little girl, sitting behind him, innocently stuck her foot through the slats of "Goosey's" chair and nudged him below the belt. That was when "Goosey" jumped up during prayer meeting and shouted, "Ah, to hell with it!" He didn't mean to say it—it just slipped out.

However, it was there all the time—deep down inside him. It was inside the farmer when that cow stepped on his foot in the barnyard—that something which ain't God-like—which the preachers call the devil but which they have never yet admitted with those scientist fellows has something to do with being related to monkeys.

The trouble with us is that we really don't know ourselves. If we were to meet what we don't see inside us coming down the road, it would be like meeting a total stranger. We are the most talkative creatures God ever made, and yet we aren't even on speaking terms with ourselves.

About the only part of us with which we are really concerned is the outside of the inside. Most of our time is spent in dolling up the flesh and feeding the wants. I read the other day in some annual collection of unrelated facts about how we Americans spend billions of dollars every year on make-up, clothing, new cars, fancy foods, and new houses in the suburbs that look like all other new houses. And all for what? Just because we think that the outside is more important than that fellow on the inside.

People even carry this pampering to the grave. They don't get buried in a pine box any more and leave the farm to the family. When they die they get buried in a fancy, rustproof, rat proof, mildew-locked-out casket, with the farm mortgaged to the undertaker. But all they've done to satisfy those appetites while alive and pamper the body even in death don't make one whit of difference. You dig those people up fifty years after the funeral was held and there ain't nothing left but dust. None of the family would recognize them. All over the country there are millions of pampered bodies turning to dust at this very moment.

But is that all there is to a man? No, there is still that stranger with whom we ought to get acquainted while we are alive, and who is somehow related to that which can't ever die because it is

holy or irreverent, depending on who gets ahold of it, God or the devil. For some time now all kinds of evidence has been submitted which should make us recognize that the man we see is the man we least are.

For instance, I read in a book about some of those Congressional Medal of Honor winners, decorated for brave deeds on the battlefield during the last big war. In some cases they were surrounded by the enemy, and they were gravely wounded. Their buddies were dead and they were whipped, except they didn't seem to know it. Suddenly they got mad, grabbed the nearest weapon at hand, and raised such a ruckus that the enemy was routed and the battle was turned in their favor. When those Congressional Medal of Honor winners were asked how they could do such brave deeds, they said that they didn't really know. Just all at once they got an extra dose of courage from somewhere and completely ran over the enemy. Now this is an instance when the inside came out good. It wasn't like what happened to "Goosey" Jones, coming out bad—although really both the good and the bad come from the same spring.

There is this psychologist writing in the daily paper to which I subscribe and saying the same thing I have been trying to say. He gives his patients what he calls "word association" tests so he can find out what's wrong with them. The doctor says a word and the patient says the first word that comes to his mind. Then the doctor pieces all these words together and finds out what the patient is really like where he least expects it. You see, this is that stranger on the inside doing the talking.

You can try this same trick on your neighbor. There are some people to whom I can say, "The dogwood sure is pretty this spring," and immediately they will start talking about how the crab grass is taking over the front yard. If it's a pretty day they will be worrying about how it is sure to rain tomorrow. On the other hand there are some people with whom you can't be sour even if you try. If you say, "Looks as though we are going to have a rough winter," they will come back, "Yes, but we may have an early spring." Now that's faith, brother. That's also those old habit tracks speaking up and telling us something about the inside of the outside.

That English poet Tennyson once said: "Ah, for a man to arise in me, That the man I am may cease to be!"

Some of us haven't got this far because we are satisfied with what we think we are. Yet the man inside is mighty important. He is the one responsible for Judas betraying his Lord, and Peter denying his Master three times. He is the one who made King David

kick over the traces and go traipsing-off after a female called Bathsheba. He is the one who makes us say or do things that we shouldn't in unexpected moments of hardship and pain, when a knot shows up in the wood, so to speak.

And somehow what we are inside is related to what we think about God and his hold upon our lives. You take Granny Rogers who has been in bed for the last five years with hardening of the joints. She don't ever complain or blame her misery on God. She keeps aholding on and adding a little sunshine to the lives of those coming in to visit her, bringing a pot of flowers or a book to read. Just across the road from Granny lives her son, Jesse. A few years ago he was the most God-fearing man in the community. The church doors never opened but what Jesse was right there on the front pew with his family. However, he quit coming to church and started drinking whenever that tornado hit the community and destroyed his barn, and somehow he has got the idea that God is out to get him. It hasn't yet dawned on him that God doesn't have time to be concerned with little things like barns.

Looks as though Jesse wasn't as strong on the inside as he professed to be. He could belt out "Amazing Grace" with the best bass singer in the community, but that grace had never really touched where it counts.

So the next time something bad happens to you, watch out how your reaction will bring out that fellow you don't know. Watch how what you do may bring to light something in your life which God ain't yet got ahold of. This a serious problem, brother. When a cow steps on your foot, what do you think of God? **END**

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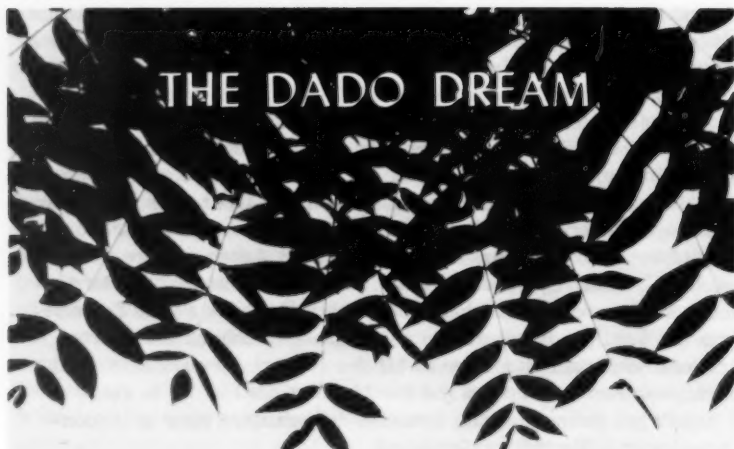
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THE DADO DREAM

by Betty Trosper

The notion must have been in Mama's head a long time before she mentioned it. She would gaze thoughtfully from time to time at the big black walnut tree that grew downcreek from the cabin. But I didn't know what she had in mind until Mr. Dallas started saw-milling on the tract across the creek.

Mama's cheeks pinked with excitement as she told me her plan. "Just you wait, Bud!" she said. "See if I don't ask him!" And I could see she was surprised at her own daring. "He ought to jump at the chance to saw up that black walnut tree on halves. He'll never come by finer wood."

I couldn't figure why Mama wanted the tree cut. I reminded her there wouldn't be any more nuts if Mr. Dallas cut down the tree.

"We can do without the nuts," she said. "Them boards will be worth a sight more than all the nuts that tree will ever make."

Then I asked her what she aimed to do with the boards.

"We'll put them in the barn loft to cure a spell," she said.

"Time I get my parlor, the boards should be about right. I'll have me a black walnut dado in my parlor. A black walnut dado like the one up yonder."

I wasn't certain what a dado might be but from the way Mama's voice quivered when she spoke of it, I figured it was something grand. And if they had one up yonder, it must be uncommonly grand. Up yonder meant the big stone inn on top of the ridge where summer folks stayed and where Mama worked sometimes for about the only

cash money we ever saw. If Mama wanted a black walnut dado in her parlor, it was fine with me.

As far back as I could remember, Mama had been planning her parlor. "Tell us about it, Mama," we would beg and she would stop what she was doing and go out into the yard with the four of us trailing after her, me and Tish and Luella and Corabelle. She would pick up a stick and draw with it in the hardpacked earth in front of the cabin. "Right here's where we'll build it," she would say, marking off a big square with the stick. "Right across the front of the house so it will hide them logs. I've looked at them logs all my borned days and I'm plumb tired of 'em."

"Go on, Mama!" one of the girls would say, hopping about in the delicious agony of suspense. "Tell the rest!"

Mama would gouge out two wide troughs in the dirt. "That's where the windows will be. With real lace curtains. And the sofa will set over here."

And she'd name off every last thing she'd have in her parlor. Once, when she'd got down to the blue cups in the cupboard, a long-legged rooster came strutting around the house and crossed the line Mama had drawn in the dirt. Mama shook the stick and yelled. "Shoo, rooster! Git out of my parlor. You're trackin' my carpet!" And we took to laughing until we fell on the ground.

I knew Mama was funning with us, but even so that parlor was real to her. It was a thing to hope for and dream about and she fastened onto it with her whole mind and her whole heart.

Not that she was ashamed of the cabin the way it was. It was a good cabin, sound as the day it was raised. Her grandpa had cleared a hundred acres on the ridge and built the cabin and in it raised a passel of young'uns. A passel more he buried on the side of the ridge like the spokes of a wheel, their feet to the trunk of a hemlock tree, and flinty slabs at their heads. When it came his time to join them, the cabin was heired by the eldest son.

The son started the whole procedure over again, grubbing a living from the land, raising a family in the cabin his pa had built. Of this family, Mama was the only girl. And it was to her the cabin passed when her pa joined the wheel under the hemlock. Her brothers all got land but Mama got the cabin. By that time, she was good and married to Johnny Stutts and I guess it was evident to anybody that a roof over her head would be a handy thing to have.

I never called him anything but Johnny. He fathered me but he was never a father. He was just Johnny Stutts. In some parts a man like Johnny would be called an alcoholic. To ridge folks, he was a drunk. A big, handsome, no 'count drunk. I asked Mama

once why he acted that way. She sighed and shook her head. "You mustn't fault him, Bud. He can't help it. I wish you could have knowed him before he got like this. La, he was a pridey man!"

That word pridey was a favorite of Mama's. You won't find it in any dictionary but it's a good word. If a thing is pridey, you can take great pride in it. There may have been a time when Johnny was a pridey man. But that time had passed. I figure Mama had to have something to go on. So she found herself a dream. A dream about a parlor.

And the black walnut dado became a dream within the dream. In Mama's mind, it took on more glory than the parlor it was to grace. When Mr. Dallas brought the boards on his truck, Mama called me to come help her stack them in the barn loft. She handled them tenderly and made me lay them just so. They were rough brown boards that left splinters in our hands. But to Mama, they were something real, something solid she could tie her dreams onto.

There was the night that I woke during a midnight hailstorm and saw lantern light in the barn. Mama was gone from her bed and I ran bareheaded into the pelting night to see what she was about.

She was seeing to her boards. She feared the old shingles might not hold under the rain of hailstones, big as marbles. She wanted to make certain her boards didn't get wet. I stayed with her until the storm passed, keeping watch over the black walnut boards.

And I recall the time the girls slipped off with one of Mama's boards and carried it up the holler to slide on the pine straw. With a good wide board, you can slide down a hill covered with pine straw the same as snow-coasting in winter. The only trouble is, there's no way to steer. Usually you manage to roll off before you hit a tree. But that day, Corabelle didn't. Tish and Luella came tearing home to Mama screaming that Corabelle was killed.

By the time Mama and I got there, Corabelle was sitting up rubbing her head, groggy but still all of a piece. I don't know which grieved Mama most—the lump on Corabelle's head or the split in the black walnut board.

When the lumber had been curing about two years, Mama called me up to the barn loft one morning. On one of the boards she had scraped a place smooth with a piece of broken glass and as I watched she rubbed it with the palm of her hand until it began to take on a mellow sheen. Mama's face glowed. "See, Bud," she said. "That's the way the dado will look when it's finished. Soft-shiny like that, all over."

I reached out and touched the smooth spot with the tip of one finger. It was still warm from the pressure of Mama's hand.

She sighed with satisfaction. "La, black walnut's a pridey wood! That dado will be a grand sight. Folks will come from all over just to see it. And they'll be a-tellin' it clear across the ridge!"

Mama's dado dream died with Johnny. I remember the day they brought him home. They'd brought him home before. But this time it was different. Mama had them lay him on the bed and she stood there and looked down at him for a long time. Her eyes were dry and I couldn't name the look that settled on her face. Maybe it was made up of too many things, all mixed up together, for a boy not yet ten to fathom.

Finally, Mama spread the coverlid over Johnny and said, "Bud, go for Tim Stover."

Whenever ridge folks needed a coffin made, they called in Tim Stover. He would make it to order, on the spot, and he took special pains with his work. Nobody ever found fault with a coffin made by Tim Stover.

Mama was waiting in the yard when we got there. She led the way to the barn loft. And she showed Tim Stover the black walnut boards.

Tim stroked a board with callused fingers. "That's lovely wood, Miz Stutts. Real lovely. Be a pleasure to work that up for you."

It was then I saw what Mama aimed to do. I started to whimper. "No, Mama, no! He can't use your black walnut boards. Them's for the dado."

Mama's voice tightened. "Hush, Bud," she said. And to Tim Stover she nodded. "Go ahead. Do the best job you know how."

I didn't stay to see Tim Stover work. I went down to the creek and hid. But the sound of his hammer and saw followed me. And it hurt almost beyond enduring.

Mama found me there toward daydown, and made me come to the house and put on my good suit. Folks were beginning to come. The table was loaded with cakes and pies and platters of chicken and ham.

Mama led me into the bedroom. Johnny was there in the coffin Tim Stover had made out of Mama's black walnut boards. Johnny looked bigger and handsomer than I had ever seen him. The wood of the coffin was soft-shiny. I touched it and it was warm beneath my hand. I stayed there for a while. I didn't look at Johnny again. But I kept my hand on the wood. Folks tiptoed in and looked at Johnny in the black walnut coffin and their eyes widened and they whispered behind their hands.

Next morning I walked with Mama and the girls a little ahead of the others, up the ridge to the hemlock tree. When they lowered him into the new gash in the earth, I hung my head and cried. A well-meaning neighbor laid her hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't take on so, Bud. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

And I couldn't tell her. I couldn't tell a living soul that I was not crying for Johnny, but for Mama's black walnut boards.

Mama was ten years getting her parlor. After the girls started school, she was free to go to work in the new mill in town. Still, it took a long time to put by enough.

She sets great store by that parlor. It's just the way she used to draw it for us, with a stick in the hardpacked dirt. All but the dado. Since the day we buried Johnny, she's never once mentioned the black walnut dado.

I was up there to see her the other day. I try to go often, make sure she's well, leave her a little money when I can get her to take it. She led me into the parlor and made me sit in the plush chair while she went to fetch coffee and cake.

I sat there a minute and fiddled with the crocheted doilies. Then, restless, I got up and took a turn about the room. I stopped before the large tinted picture that hangs between the two front windows and wondered again where Mama ever found the money to pay for it. It's a photograph of Johnny in the black walnut coffin.

I stood there, studying the likeness of the big handsome man who found in death the only glory he ever claimed. I heard Mama come in behind me. I heard the clink of the blue china cups as she set down the tray. Then she came over beside me.

She looked at the picture for a long moment, and there was a softness in her eyes. Her voice shook a little when she spoke. "Black walnut's such a pridey wood. Folks said it was the finest coffin they ever seen. They were a-tellin' it clear across the ridge." END

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SMALL INDUSTRY

FLAGSTONES

CASH CROPS FROM OUTCROPPINGS

by J. Marshall Porter

There are many deposits or formations of flat rocks throughout the whole Appalachian mountain range. When quarried and cut, this stone is valuable for many purposes.

Veneering stone is in the greatest demand, for it is used to take the place of brick and tile for covering buildings, such as motels, homes, churches and schools. Hauled hundreds of miles by truck to Eastern cities, it is growing rapidly in popularity.



The veneering stone, regardless of thickness, is cut four inches wide. The variation in thickness gives it an added attraction in the finished wall. If it is variegated in color, as much of it is, this adds still another charm.

Veneering stone sells for twenty dollars a ton, which will finish fifty square feet of wall. The material cost is about the same as brick, but the cost of laying the stone up is somewhat higher.

Although veneering stone represents the major output of these

flagstone operations, every other size and shape of stone has a ready market. The thin, smooth sheets are usually cut into treads for walks and patio bases. Coping is made from the best slabs and often it is cut to the specifications of the builders.



Still another outlet for this flat stone is the steel mill blast furnaces for refractory purposes, due to its high resistance to heat.

This stone usually comes out of the quarries in many different hues and colors. The Brookside Stone Company of Garrett County, Maryland, operating the quarries pictured here, offers the following color ranges: pink, cream, gray, tan, brown, blue, green, lavender, gold and variegated shades of these colors.

The supply of this flat rock is almost endless. The quarry shown in the photographs is part of a six-hundred-acre tract on the crest of Back Bone Mountain in Garrett County. They could cut stone here for hundreds of years.

Many quarries located in different places would help reduce the transportation costs, and this would increase the already heavy demand for this stone.

Operators of flagstone industries select deposits with as shallow a coverage as possible, and they begin by scraping off the



topsoil with bulldozers. Skilled quarry men drill the ledges in sections, and small charges of dynamite are used to break the rock loose, then it is quarried off in sections.

High lift tractors are used to load the slabs onto heavy trucks which haul them to the cutting shed. Here the stone slabs are graded into stacks that are placed near the roller conveyors that take them to the cutting machine.

A stone cutting machine is a simple device, and very interesting to watch as it bites off rocks up to ten inches in thickness with the ease that a child bites a piece of stick candy.



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Operators of flagstone industries select deposits with as shallow a coverage as possible, and they begin by scraping off the

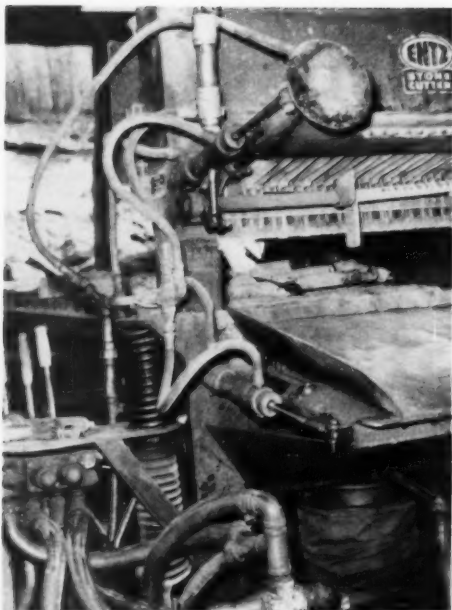


topsoil with bulldozers. Skilled quarry men drill the ledges in sections, and small charges of dynamite are used to break the rock loose, then it is quarried off in sections.

High lift tractors are used to load the slabs onto heavy trucks which haul them to the cutting shed. Here the stone slabs are graded into stacks that are placed near the roller conveyors that take them to the cutting machine.

A stone cutting machine is a simple device, and very interesting to watch as it bites off rocks up to ten inches in thickness with the ease that a child bites a piece of stick candy.





It consists of two rugged bars, one stationary, the other movable, operated by hydraulic pressure. These bars, or jaws, as they are called, are studded with blunt chisels about an inch and a half wide that fit loosely in their sockets in the upper and lower jaws. When the slabs of stone are placed between these jaws hydraulic pressure, created by a gasoline motor, forces the lower jaw toward the upper one and the squeeze is put on the stone. It snaps apart almost as smooth as if it had been sawed.

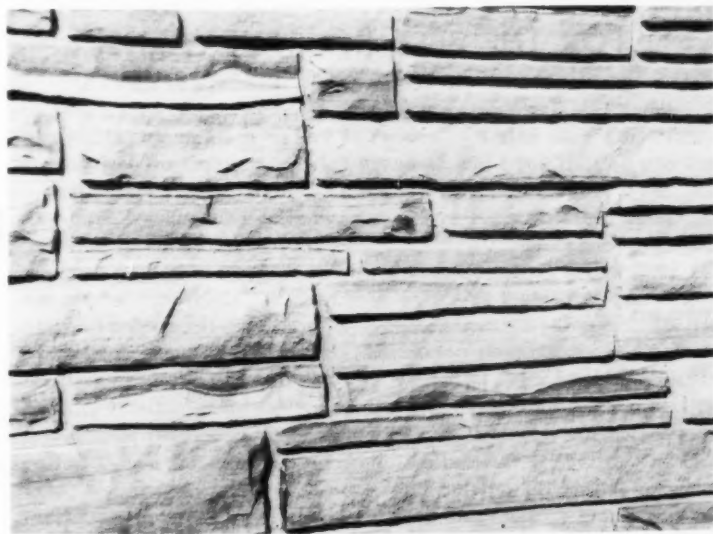
The cut stone is graded and stacked, crib style, into the size piles that a high lift can hoist and place upon the trucks which haul them to where they are to be used.



These stone cutting operations give employment to men of the communities in which they locate. It takes about twelve men to keep the stone coming from the quarry, operate the cutter, and off-bear the cut stones, grade and group them as they come off the cutter.

Heavy trucks are used to deliver the stone to the large cities where the demand seems to be constant in the building season. Most operations must cease during the hard winter months.

While the Brookside Stone Company operates in Maryland, away up north where our two hundred and fifty southern mountain counties begin, there are many locations throughout the whole Appalachian region where good building stone could be quarried, cut and marketed, and provide good employment for workmen in each locality. END



PICTURE CREDITS

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LET'S GET TOGETHER

by

Ruth L. Wilson



How would you like to be Home Demonstration Agent in Whitfield County, Georgia? There are certainly the usual moments of comfort and joy, of anxiety and concern, confusion, frustration and long hours of work and play, but boredom is practically non-existent. Telephone or office calls, or home visits, might bring such items as:

"I weigh 165 pounds. Can you tell me what size dress pattern to select?" (Ten minutes and much conversation later, I can! Then she wants information on how to reduce to a size 12.) Or, "I'm buying a home freezer. Which brand should I buy?" (We can't recommend any brand. Same procedure as above.) There was a child day-care worker who called to say, "I've got a problem child. Tell me what to do with him." (I knew the child by reputation. I didn't dare! I invited her to the office for a conference, and offered recommended materials, instead!) A would-be lapidarist called to say she had a diamond-like stone she picked up on a camping trip. Information, please? (I referred her to the Department of Geology in Atlanta. Ditto, the woman who wanted to know what to look for in hunting uranium, and the youngster who thought he'd found a mica mine. I'm reserving this one also for anyone who might feel compelled to call for information on oil wells!) At fairly regular intervals, we get the usual requests for recipes for such long-ago-popular items as "grandmother's potato (or salt-rising) loaf bread"; or "the-recipe-an-agent-gave-my-mother" for dill pickles, or a wedding cake, or corned beef, or elderberry wine, about 30 years ago! (Much research, poor results!)

Then there was the family of five (three growing boys) who wanted to trim the food budget enough to enable them to buy a boat. (Other budgets had already been trimmed in order to buy food! Knowing the food habit was strong in all of us, I discouraged the plan. I had owned a boat! They built a tree house instead, and they still want a boat!)

Many requests for information are referred to the proper Agricultural Agencies or to the Public Library, the Chamber of Commerce, the churches, etc. We continually fight the notion that we can be everything to everybody.

Every day is a reminder that modern society is complex and changing.

Whitfield County borders on the Tennessee state line, 20 miles southeast of Chattanooga, with Dalton as the county seat. The county is rich in Civil War history. It is an agricultural county with an industrial center. Dalton, recognized as the bedspread center of the world, achieved its growth in the beginning with the hand-tufted spread of 40 years ago, developed into the machine tufted and woven spreads, and later the multi-million dollar rug and carpet industry. More than 100 such plants, and many more related industries such as machinery and rubberizing plants, furnish employment to the people of Dalton and Whitfield County, as well as to people in the surrounding counties. Practically every family in the county has someone on the industrial payroll—often the mother and homemaker. As the standard of living is increased, the family often finds its problems doubled or tripled. Children sometimes develop into problems in the home, the school and the community. Better understanding, better planning in the home, and more education is often needed for the family to find happiness.

The difficulties of Extension Work in an urban county were recognized long ago. But we remind ourselves again that modern society is complex and changing! Co-operation, participation and involvement, key words in Extension Work, have taken on an accelerated pace, beginning with the endeavors of the County Extension Staff.

Long ago, too, it was recognized that it was impossible for Extension to serve all on an individual basis. There was a necessity for a planned program developed by the people and designed to meet their needs. We had a multiplicity of organizations already in effect. Agents and families were aware that what they decided on the farm or in rural homes and communities was greatly affected by what's going on in the town and in the industry—living was, indeed, complicated. There was a recognized need for integration of planning of all groups to prevent duplication, cross purposes, confusion, etc., and to bring about a better understanding between the rural and urban people. It was easy to recognize some common interest in all: health, recreation, good government, appearance of the county, leadership development, better educational opportunities, religious advancement, and others. There was a growing

desire on the part of many to achieve a oneness of the city and the county.

In 1948 a program planning process was started in Whitfield County that concerned itself with all problems, and set goals at county, community, and family levels. It has evolved through many stages of development including several changes in title. The latest, adopted in the planning meetings for the 1961 program, is The Whitfield Program Development Board. (The word "agricultural" was dropped from the title this year because it was far more limiting than the program itself.) This program, with "headquarters" at the Extension Agent's office, is the product of both rural and urban people, with the agricultural and other government agencies acting as resource people in their various fields. Every attempt is made to make it a people's program.

Keeping in mind that one long-range objective is the development of oneness of county and city, the sponsors of the program are recognized as key figures. They are the presidents of the major civic clubs: The Pilot Club of Dalton, Kiwanis, Lions, Civitan, Rotary, the Jaycees and the Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion and the V. F. W., the presidents or representatives of the First National Bank, the Hardwick Bank and the Bank of Dalton, the North Georgia Fair Association, the Whitfield Farmers Co-op., the North Georgia Electric Membership Corporation, the Georgia Power Company, and the Dalton Telephone Company. This group forms a committee which has its own means of effecting the fellowship and understanding between the rural and urban groups.

Some of these sponsors have been active since 1950 when they were invited by the County Agricultural Council (the present Development Board) to sponsor a Community Improvement Club Contest. Community Clubs were new in the area, and the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce was sponsoring the contest on a tri-state basis, involving the counties within their trade area. The main objective of the sponsors at that time was to furnish "morale support" for the clubs and money to pay the premiums in the contest on a local level.

In 1951, '52 and '53 the sponsors won the Chattanooga Area Distinguished Service Award. But the next year or so found other county sponsors giving forth extra effort to defeat our group. They had won so often it was "old hat"!

In 1956 the Extension Agent's office in Whitfield County was given one of two National Superior Service Awards by Secretary of Agriculture Benson for effective operations which have resulted in the development of co-operative rural-urban relationships and improved farm-family living!

The sponsors' committee was an important factor in this award.

Almost every year new sponsors had been added, and 1959 found 14 sponsors doing a good job. That was the year that a striking blonde executive secretary, the current president of another award-winning group, the Pilot Club of Dalton, was installed as chairman of the sponsors.

The early morning meetings of these important business men and women at a local cafe took on a challenge that matched the sparkling efficiency of the chairman, and soon we were involved in projects unthought of before. Co-operation, participation and involvement. We had just started! The County and Home Agents attending the meetings as consultants found themselves looking on in wonder as project after project developed and proved their worth in operation.

To the banquet given for the presidents of the Community Clubs and the Home Demonstration Clubs for the purpose of discussing and adopting the sponsors' projects, the wives and husbands were invited. Now they understand why the husband or the wife must spend so much time to effect local programs.

A joint picnic—a family affair—to promote understanding and fellowship, is now an annual event taking place in August at the Dalton Recreation Center, and is attended by the members of the sponsoring group and the members of the Community, Home Demonstration and 4-H Clubs. There is fun for everyone, and 200 to 300 people attend.

A Leadership Training Conference, recognized for the exceptional participation of people and the quality of training, is a joint project with the Pilot Club of Dalton. Another 200 or more people participate in four hours of study and fellowship, including the evening meal.

The selection of the judges for the county-wide Community Club Contest is made by the sponsors, and several members of the sponsors' group can usually be found on the tours to the farms and homes at the time of judging. What they have seen in their county has been a real revelation to these city dwellers. The banquet, held at the end of the judging to announce the winner, who will compete against the other county winners in Chattanooga's tri-state contest, has taken on the air of a home-coming, as old friends meet. And once more the County Agents, Home Demonstration Agents, and their assistants sit back in pure bliss in an Extension Meeting handled exclusively by the people themselves!

These involved activities have made us proud, indeed, but there is one more activity that we think tops them all. It is known

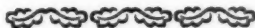
as a visitation program between the civic clubs in the city and the Community and Home Demonstration Clubs in the county. As simple as that! The Chairman of the sponsors sets up a schedule for these members to visit each other. The clubs make their own choice of the club they wish to visit, and the month they would like to have visitors. They usually have the visitors tell the members something of the objectives and purposes of the visiting club, and at the same time the visitors see their host club in action.

No one was surprised when the coveted tri-state sponsors' award came back to Whitfield County in 1959!

The sponsors' program for 1960 furnished the stimuli for another tri-state award this year, after following basically the same pattern as the year before. Pine Grove Community won first place in the Community Improvement Club Contest.

This year, 1961, has seen continuation of their excellent participation in a county-wide program of leadership to promote understanding and fellowship.

Co-operation, participation and involvement. No, I wouldn't say that these sponsors have made life any easier for the County Extension Staff, but they definitely have made it more interesting and more stimulating. And when that fellow does get around to calling me for information about his oil well, not only will I have the answer ready, but I expect to deliver it avidly, and with enthusiasm. END



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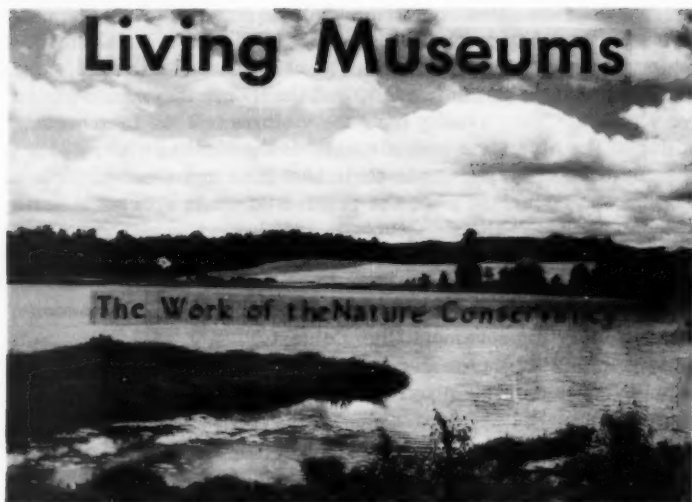
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THE COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS
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Dr. Walter S. Boardman

For two hours the car had been winding over the hills of Western Pennsylvania, thence into Maryland and to the West Virginia border. It was late in June and the last traces of springtime were giving way to summer's appearance. The road crossed a high divide, descended slightly and skirted a swamp in the broad depression between the surrounding hills. A subtle difference seemed to take place. We stopped and with field glasses surveyed the tree line of the swamp. Yes, surely enough, there were the tamaracks we had been looking for. Here were trees normally associated with the Canadian Zone forests. We parked where a power line crossed, thus providing the only means of easy access. Along the dry ground at the sides were masses of wintergreen berries ripe and crisp as they had been found in boyhood four hundred miles north and much earlier in the springtime. Here too were the flowers that had been found in damp places high in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

(Photo above is of Moss Lake in New York State which was created by the glacier that once covered most of the state. Its shoreline tells the story of plant life as it followed the ice age.)

We had been told of this "northern island" in a southern latitude and that here we would find species of vegetation that had remained since the Ice Age. Still, it was a jolt to see for oneself that these plants had resisted the encroachment of the warmer climate varieties. They seemed like soldiers that continued to hold an outpost long after the rest of the army had retreated.

Actually, a combination of geographic features produced this unique situation. High altitude, a frost pocket and poor drainage had produced a climate situation similar to that of southern Canada and living things adapted to those conditions had continued to exist.

The area, known as Cranesville Swamp, on the Maryland-West Virginia border, had long been of interest to the students and scientists of Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia. Recently, real estate development had threatened to end the struggle to survive that had been waged so successfully for over seven thousand years.

Scientists who saw the great value of this unusual bit of nature appealed to The Nature Conservancy for assistance. A tri-state group with the strong backing of scientists from the University of West Virginia organized a project committee. Through the use of a special fund for the purpose, The Nature Conservancy loaned the necessary money for the purchase of about half of the total swamp area. The committee is continuing a local fund drive so that the money can be paid back and in turn used again to help another chapter acquire some important land elsewhere. When the loan is repaid, the swamp will be deeded to the University of West Virginia with due provision to insure its preservation as a natural area. Thus, this marvelous biotic community will be preserved and generations yet to come may observe the wonder that nature has created here. It is hoped that the remainder of the swamp may also be purchased before the destructive forces of our current fever for 'improvements' can reach it.

The Nature Conservancy is a private, non-profit corporation seeking to save the vanishing natural areas of America for the future. Where many talk about the preservation of plants and wildlife, this organization goes out to do something about it.

Today, while we have come to recognize the possible

extermination of many game animals if laws to protect them are not made and enforced, we still fail to observe the rapid disappearance of areas unspoiled by Man. To those whose memory goes back half a century, the changes that have taken place are very apparent when they stop to compare conditions of childhood and now. What person whose opportunity it has been to wander the forest or fish the streams does not remember the greater abundance of those earlier years? The truly frightening factor is the increasing speed with which these changes are taking place. Unless we plan ahead the time is not far off when the whole eastern seaboard will be one great sprawling metropolis with houses and shopping centers interspersed with factories and interwoven with a great mass of highways over streams that are little more than open sewers. This will not be just along the coast line, but will spread inland to affect vast areas of what still remains rural America.

Worried by the trend of events, members of the Ecological Society of America formed a special Natural Areas Committee in 1917. As time went by and the need of a program of action became more urgent, a separate organization was formed called the "Ecologists Union." In 1950 the name was changed to The Nature Conservancy and was so incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia for the following specific purposes:

- a. To preserve or aid in the preservation of all types of wild nature, including natural areas, features, objects, flora and fauna, and biotic communities;
- b. To establish nature reserves or other protected areas to be used for scientific, educational, and esthetic purposes;
- c. To promote the conservation and proper use of our natural resources;
- d. To engage in or promote the study of plant and animal communities and of other phases of ecology, natural history and conservation;
- e. To promote education in the fields of nature preservation and conservation; and
- f. To cooperate with other organizations having similar or relative objectives.

At the time of this writing, there are 99 projects ranging from lands where the deed is in hand and preservation is under local committee supervision all the way to those where an option to purchase is being sought. They range in size

XUM

and type of terrain from 2,900 acres with fine stands of Douglas Fir in the Northern California Coast Range to a small bog on Long Island. Likewise, their market value runs from an estimated one million to a few hundred dollars. While mature stands of fir, oak, hemlock or cypress are the more dramatic, the greater scientific value is to be found in the marshy areas where all forms of life are in abundance.

Places of exceptional importance are found in various ways, but they fall into two classes. The first is by the efforts of members who locate areas and make a study to evaluate each in terms of its worth as a natural area weighed against the possible cost. The second is by the reports of friends or sometime even of people who have only heard of The Nature Conservancy.



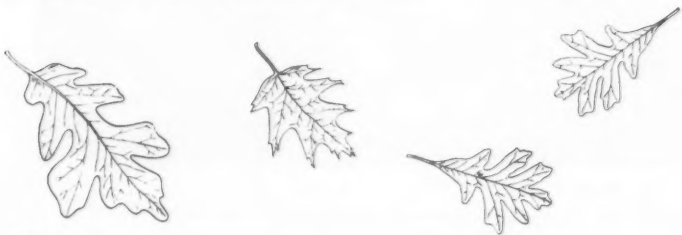
THE PITCHER PLANT OBTAINS ITS FOOD BY THE CAPTURE OF INSECTS AND THE DISSOLVING OF THEIR BODIES IN THE LIQUID WITHIN THE LEAF. IT IS IN DANGER OF EXTINCTION DUE TO COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION BUT CAN BE FOUND ABUNDANTLY IN BOGS PRESERVED BY THE NATURE CONSERVANCY.

Whenever a place is selected there is an effort to form a local committee to negotiate for the acquisition of the land and to begin a campaign to raise funds for its purchase. Sometimes the owner can be persuaded to donate the property. At other times payment of a figure near its value becomes necessary. As all funds come from the contributions of members and friends, this matter of finance is always crucial. The Nature Conservancy does have a special fund from which a loan can be made to the local or "project" committee as it is called. This makes it possible to procure an option or to acquire land by purchase quickly when it is necessary to do so. When the project committee succeeds in raising the funds, the loan is paid back and the money can then be used to acquire another area.

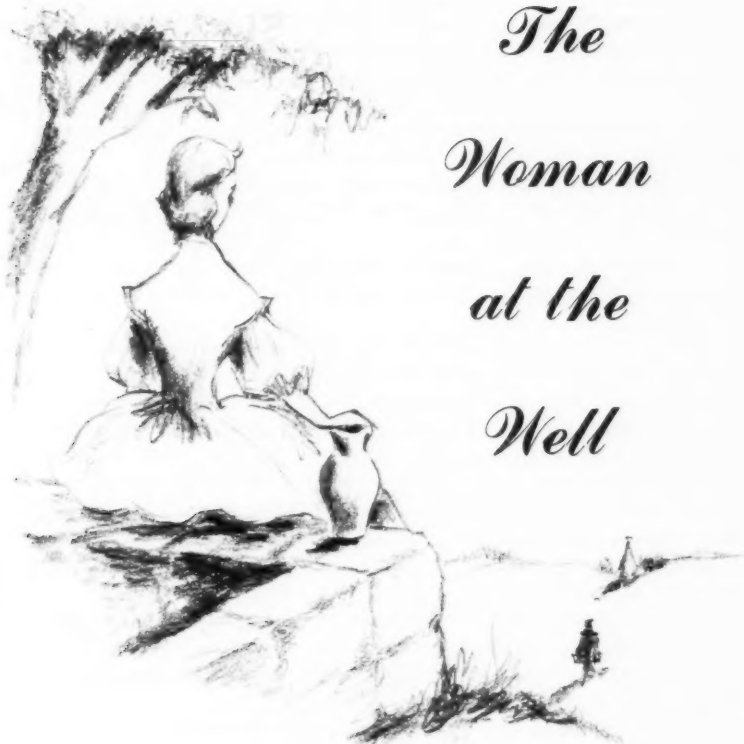
In several cases, people who have loved a particular spot have arranged for it to be deeded to The Nature Conservancy. By so doing, they have been assured that it will be preserved and that another generation will come to know the place and appreciate some of the reasons why it has been preserved.

In some cases, people have given the land with their right to dwell upon it as long as they live provided in the gift. By this means they are able to enjoy their home and know that after their passing it will be kept as they would want it to be.

At the present time, all of us need to look about us and to envision what may happen as the population growth engulfs our communities. Many will note some particular area that ought to be left as it is, or as nature will make it, if left alone. Preservation by the individual is almost impossible, but where a few feel keenly that an area should be preserved they may form a committee and write to The Nature Conservancy at 2039 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Information on how to proceed will be given. END



The Woman at the Well



W. Ames LeGrande, III

The sun was hot on her soft brown hair, pushed into a bun at the base of her white slim neck. This was the second day she had sat there, dropping leaves into her blue clay jar, watching the soldiers as they moved in and out of the white church where Rebel headquarters had been set up, straining her eyes lest she should fail to pluck a new leaf to represent each one of them in her jar.

Yesterday she had counted over a hundred. Today she knew that it would be almost twice that many. She leaned her head against the cold stone of the well and rested...for the moment. She was startled into realization again by the sound of the pulley as it squeaked under the weight of water being drawn from the well, and the familiar sound of hands lifting a bucket to parched lips.

August was unbearable and the Confederate troops in town added to the discomfort and perplexities of all.

She was elated that she, Fern Waybright, had been selected by the men of Milltown to sit at the well and count the soldiers by dropping leaves into her mother's cookie jar... in this way they would know the force of the Rebels, who had crossed the Guyan River and passed through the peaceful streets of their village in the early hours on the morning of the day before.

A long shadow of a man stretched across the well and fell almost at her feet; she quickly pulled her cotton plisse dress closer about her small ankles.

The summer grass crushed under his feet as he set down the bucket and she knew that he was coming around to the other side of the well.

She started to get up and the jar filled with leaves from the low hanging branches of the water elm which shaded the well fell to the ground before her. Fear tugged at her heart as she looked at the leaves being swallowed up among the blades of summer grass brown and brittle with August drought. She knew that she would have to gather them up to the very last one, for the fate of her people depended on her important information. Her fingers had hardly started to reach, when there was another figure bending beside her and long fingers were starting to pick up the leaves, and she knew from the worn gray of his uniform that it was a Confederate soldier.

Her first impulse was to flee back to the safety of Milltown or run the other way toward the river. Yet, looking into the soft blue eyes framed in a broad face, there was kindness and Fern Waybright smiled.

"Didn't spect to find a pretty miss such as yourself, ma'am, settin' out here by an old well."

Her mouth felt like flannel and she tried to swallow, wanting her voice not to sound as if she were frightened.

"I was resting..." she managed. "It seems so quiet here."

He looked up and she could see the reflection of sky in the depths of his eyes.

"Kinda hot," he laughed.

"Yes," she agreed. "Been terrible this August... river's almost dry."

"Noticed as we crossed other night, could almost waded over."

"You probably could have at the ford."

He didn't answer but continued to pick up the leaves carefully and place them in the blue jar.

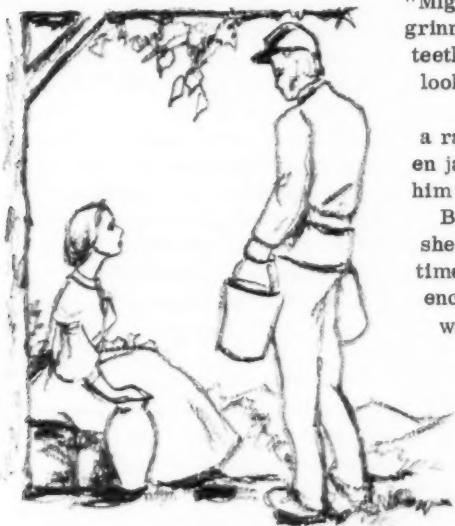
"Pretty country, ma'am."

"West Virginia's always pretty," she laughed.

"From Georgia myself. . . sorta makes me homesick to look at them hills, jest settin' yonder. . . so quiet and peaceful looking, almost as if they were God. . . watching all the goin' ons down here."

He looked her straight in the eye. "Are you one of the town folks?"

"Yes," she answered. "I am Ben Waybright's daughter. . . the smithy."



"Might reckoned so." He grinned, showing even white teeth. "But you a good looker for a Yankee."

She wanted to fly into a rage, to break the earthen jar over his head and tell him how disgusting he was.

But she didn't. Somehow she relaxed and for the first time in the two days of the encampment she felt like a woman.

"This town here's certainly quiet, ma'am, if I do say so. . . not a drop of liquor in this whole county, I hear tell."

"Maybe you haven't looked in the right

places," she jibed.

"I'm not one for liquor myself, ma'am. . . but the other boys dry as hell. . ." he stopped short. "Sorry, ma'am. Guess I ain't used to bein' round women folk. War makes a man forget his up-bringin'. . . almost as if it never happened." He set the jar by the edge of the well and leaned back, resting his broad shoulders against its rough surface.

"Sittin' here talking to a pretty girl like you and lookin' at them hills yonder. . . makes war seem a long way off. . . don't it, ma'am?"

"Yes," Fern whispered. "Will you be staying here long?"

"Couple days, I reckon. . . waitin' for a guide to show up and take us down through Kentucky into Tennessee. . . gonna join General Hood's outfit somewheres down there."

Fern moved closer to him and the odor of perspiration was pressing.

"Is there many of you?"

"What?" he asked.

"Soldiers, I mean. Paw says there must be a million with all the horses he's been shoein'."

"Ain't that many left in the whole Confederate Army... we're jest what's left of part of a company... 'bout hundred-fifty, I'd say, more or less, ma'am."

Fern listened as he talked in the same quiet manner as a spring breeze rustling the new satin drapes in the front parlor.

"Captain Hyward says we're movin' on in a few days, even if the scout don't get here, gettin' low on supplies and this here place ain't got much to offer, 'cept heat and pretty gals like you."

"Thank you, Captain."

"I ain't no captain, ma'am, but thanks for the honor... sorta makes me feel like maybe this war ain't in vain after all... I'm just a plain hill boy... from the red clay of Georgia. Ain't nothing more or less, ma'am, and wouldn't want to be, either."

He stretched his long legs over the dead grass, green in splotches about the well where overfilled buckets had splashed. "Ain't nothing like livin', ma'am, and this here war has been goin' on too long."

"I know," Fern whispered.

"When first I heard that the Rebels were crossing the river, I wanted to run away into the hills and hide... but Paw said no siree... that we were Waybrights and expected to act as such. My great grandfather was Josiphiah Waybright, one of the first settlers to come to this country, and Paw says we wouldn't be doin' right by our elders if we couldn't stand our ground when it comes to a fight."

"There was no need to run, ma'am, we ain't goin' to do this little town any harm. All we wanted to do was rest for a spell." He looked at her intently, and she flushed. "I'm right proud we done jest that."

"Would you think I was forcin' my 'tentions on you, ma'am, if I said that you were real pretty and that I'd like to kiss a pretty girl once more... never knowin' when I will again... now don't get yourself all in a fluster, ma'am. I don't mean you any harm... jest seemed somehow you remind me of folks back home... and you're the first that ain't turned their back to me, ma'am, when I tried to talk to them."

Fern lifted her rounded cheek and felt parched lips soft and gentle touch her face. A warming glow stirred within her, and she could almost have cried.

He got up and stood there broad legged and tall against the

evening sun. "Guess I'd better be gettin' with this here water. Somebody be thinkin' I've fell in and come a huntin' me."

She watched him cross the field, slowly walking toward the church, all white and clean looking in the still air... and him with overlong arms holding two tin buckets... slowly walking toward it... a sadness caused her to shut her eyes, not wanting to watch him go.

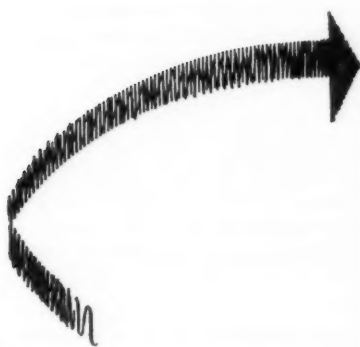
The wind had sprung up a little and she could smell the odor of manure coming from the livery stable... and already a few supper fires curled lazy blue smoke into the quieted air.

Slowly she got up and reached for the jar.

"Why, he didn't even ask what I was doin' here, settin' pickin' leaves and puttin' them in a jar... he never once asked."

As Fern walked along the dusty road leading back to her house, her hand reached down into the jar... dropping behind her a leaf at a time, saying inaudibly to herself, "He loves me, he loves me not." As she crossed the street in front of her cottage, the last leaf fell... and she almost burst with joy. "He loves me."

"Funny it ended that way," she laughed to herself, "and funny I've forgot how many of them Rebels I counted today..." and looked back toward the well knowing she would be the only person in Milltown glad to get up in the morning and find that the Rebels were still there. END



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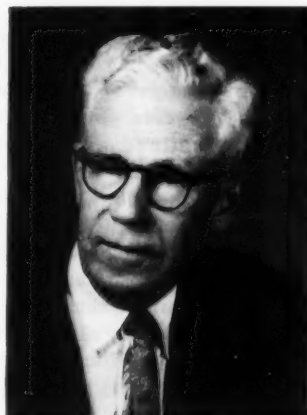
*MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK
College Box 2000 Berea, Ky.*

Social Welfare...

by P. F. Ayer

Its Optimum Responsibility

In these times of great mobility, great technical and social change and almost universal urban orientation, increasing population and decreasing need for manpower, society has two choices. One is to make local and spotty attempts to exclude the insecure and ill-prepared individuals who are seeking to improve their lot in this period of confusion. The second choice is for each population center by wise local action to contribute to the total solution of the problem nationally. We are living in one world and local solutions of anything like exclusive nature are ineffective and wrong.



Recommendations: 1) Prepare for migration those folks who ought to migrate; 2) Prepare urban centers and other target areas to receive those who do migrate; 3) Prepare those who ought to remain in their home area (this includes providing job opportunities and other means of achieving the good life); 4) Prepare—across the board—to meet new conditions in society which are the inevitable prospect of this age of automation and population change.

The following questions arise: What are our objectives? To keep people merely alive? To keep families together? To keep children in school? To keep workers employable? To promote health and welfare? To what end? The ultimate goal is the continuing development of mankind including the under-educated, the under-employed, the under-developed, the under-achieving, and the increasing masses.

It is erroneous to assume that if people know how to do better they will therefore do better. It is erroneous to suppose that if people are merely maintained at a reasonable level—fed, clothed and cared for—that they will therefore develop and become creatures of progressively greater consequence. The very reverse is what actually does occur. By our humane intentions and clumsy methods we have

unwittingly produced unnumbered thousands of dependent people. It is not tampering with a man's independence and sense of personal dignity to motivate him to merit public assistance by becoming something of greater consequence day by day. In spite of our best intentions, much of our humanitarian effort has had and continues to have a character-eroding effect. The money we are going to spend anyway can, by careful planning and re-training of workers, be distributed in ways which will have a character-building result among the recipients.

"Jobs" in the traditional concept cannot be discovered soon enough for enough of our dependent people and adapted to the various degrees of incapacity to solve the immediate and massive problem of human need which our country faces at this moment. Every single person on any kind of public assistance can be given a job at once by means of which he can earn, or otherwise qualify for, the money we are going to give him anyway. He can occupy himself in the individually adapted business of self-development. It would not matter whether he learns the alphabet or reads something about planned parenthood or studies the League of Women Voters material or learns Braille or becomes proficient in shorthand just so long as he had become something by Saturday night which he had not been on the previous Monday morning.

Commitment to this principle of character-building as a goal vs. maintaining people at any reasonable level of physical existence is a significant factor in solving the problems of welfare, of depressed areas in the present situation, and of the whole future of our nation. END

COUNCIL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

POSITIONS OPEN

Registered nurses needed at Jane Cook Hospital, United Presbyterian Center, Frenchburg, Ky. Write Personnel Office, Board of National Missions, U.P. Church, 476 Riverside Drive, N.Y. 27

Berea graduate seeks work in the Appalachian area. English major. Experience in journalism, some public relations, literacy. Good typist. Will consider anything. Evelyn Coskey, 118 W. 13th St., New York City.

POSITIONS WANTED

Teacher or designer. MFA (wet-ting major) from Crambrook Academy of Art in 1961. Taught crafts in France for 2 years. Write to Patricia Stryker, 12 Brookwood Road, Asheville, N.C.

Retired school teacher with lifetime teaching certificate for all grades, high school, college, desires employment further south than present location. Available for personal interview. Write to Mrs. Wm. B. Marshall, 124 South Florida St., Buckhannon, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN CRAFTS



by

Gray Guides Guild

SUTTON
CHRISTIAN

More than 30 years ago a few people who saw the value of preserving and promoting mountain crafts brought the subject of a guild of craftsmen to the attention of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers (now the Council of the Southern Mountains).

At the April 1929 meeting of the Conference there emerged a recommendation that a cooperating organization of handicraft centers be formed. At this time there were about 40 such centers in the Appalachian area. The actual organization was completed in December 1929 at Asheville, with Helen Dingman, Executive Secretary of the Conference, being made Secretary-Treasurer of the new Guild, and the principle office that of the Conference at Berea, Kentucky. Two meetings a year were to be held, one in connection with the annual spring Conference of Southern Mountain Workers. The first cooperative exhibition of mountain crafts was held at the 1930 spring meeting in Knoxville, with 32 craft centers represented.

Now, 33 years after it began, the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild has a new director. Robert W. Gray, an able craftsman and administrator, has the quality of resourcefulness akin to mountain tradition.

He attained national distinction as director of the Worcester (Mass.) Craft Center, with numerous honorariums reflecting his achievements, but he earned every bit of it the hard way. He and his wife, Verdelle, who is a gifted potter, earned their way through the School for American Craftsmen, Alfred University (N. Y.) by doing odd chores. They lived in a trailer, taught night classes and at other times served as maid and butler at special functions in the college president's home. They finished the course in two years.

Then they were employed to teach pottery at Old Sturbridge Village (Mass.), where Mr. Gray was also co-ordinator of all crafts.



CRAFT ITEMS OF ENDLESS VARIETY ARE MADE, DISPLAYED, AND SOLD AT THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS HANDICRAFT GUILD'S TWICE-ANNUAL FAIR.

New England craft centers began taking notice of their success at Sturbridge before they had ended their first year. In 1950 the Worcester Employment Society decided to establish a handicrafts center as therapy for lonely persons and as a means of improving skills for profitable use. Mr. Gray was asked to head the Worcester Craft Center on a part-time basis at first, then, a year later, he was persuaded to become its full-time director and Mrs. Gray was employed at the same time as instructor in pottery.

A native of Tallahassee, Florida, Mr. Gray attended the University of Florida and Tri-State College in Indiana, majoring in civil engineering. He served in the U. S. Marine Corps in World War II, and following his discharge in 1946 he returned to Florida and for a while worked with the state highway department. His knowledge of engineering and chemistry has been an important asset

in his career in crafts.

Under Gray's directorship the Worcester Craft Center offered courses in pottery, woodworking, metalcraft, jewelry, enameling on metal and weaving. Approximately 3000 students have studied at the center in the past ten years.

Mr. Gray has been a member of the Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Crafts; secretary of the Northeast Craft Council; chairman of the Massachusetts Association of Handicraft Groups; panel member of "Craft Leadership Training" at a seminar held by the Museum of Modern Art in New York City; co-director New England Craft Exhibition, 1955; chairman of the Northeast Craft Council; and northeast representative to the first National Crafts-men Conference at Asilomar, California.

Mr. Gray, who takes over his new post in time to help promote the Craftsman's Fair in Gatlinburg, October 24-28, succeeds another distinguished craftsman, Miss Louise Pitman, who has piloted the Guild since 1951.

President of the Board of Trustees of the John C. Campbell Folk School at Brasstown, Miss Pitman attended the founding sessions of the Guild 31 years ago as secretary to Mrs. John C. Campbell. She has been identified with every major activity of the organization, and was a former member of the Board of the Council of the Southern Mountains. She will remain in Asheville as an active worker in the Guild.

With 322 members in the Virginias, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama, the Guild had its greatest period of growth during Miss Pitman's directorship.

The Guild sponsors two craftsman's fairs annually. Dates of this year's fairs: Asheville, July 17-21, and Gatlinburg, October 24-28. END

Some people were not born to punctuate; cast-iron rules will not answer here. Anyway, what is one man's comma is another man's colon. One man can't punctuate another man's manuscript any more than one person can make the gestures for another person's speech.

Mark Twain
"A Boston Girl"

REVIEW



Billy Edd: USA
Monitor Records
12" — 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm — monaural
\$4.98

reviewed by Ruby R. Ford

(AVAILABLE THROUGH THE COUNCIL; ADD 3% SALES TAX)

Monitor Records, known in Europe, has chosen Billy Edd Wheeler of Berea as their first American artist.

Monitor's debut with American talent is also Billy Edd's debut as a recording artist, although he is well-known through appearances on radio and TV. In New York he has appeared on the shows of Arlene Francis, Oscar Brand and Theo Bikel.

Berea College alumni have known him for three years as a alumni secretary, having heard him sing for them at meetings all over the country.

Billy Edd's first album, which has folk flavor and inspiration, is unique in any field. Out of 15 songs, 12 are his own compositions—words and music—simply and tastefully arranged and recorded in high fidelity. The jacket design in full color features him playing his guitar in a Kentucky hill setting.

Featured with Billy Edd on the record is Joan Sommer, also of Berea, daughter of Mrs. Louise Scrivner who teaches English at Berea College. Joan sings several solos on the record and joins in four duets with Billy Edd. Their blend is rich and easy and their harmonies are completely captivating and artistic.

John Jacob Niles of Lexington, noted composer and collector of folk songs, says this of Billy Edd on the album cover: "Folk singers come from everywhere—from the wind-swept plains of our great West, from the tenements of our smoke-ridden cities, from the easy-going South and from the silent Appalachian Mountains. Out of these folk singers comes one Billy Edd Wheeler, who is a poet and a singer and an instrumentalist. Not many of this present generation of young folk singers have all these accomplishments."

Loyal Jones, Associate Executive Secretary of the Council of the Southern Mountains, said of "I Ain't Goin' Home Soon," a song by Wheeler written about his lost home in the coal fields: "If the Pulitzer Prize were given for music, this song should have it for this year!"

John Lomax said of Billy Edd: "He is in the tradition of Carl Sandburg."

Billy Edd touched the national musical scene during the summer of 1959 when his "Rock Boil Weevil" was recorded by Pat Boone. Since that time Billy Edd has written some 35 songs, about half of them pop tunes. A booklet of his songs appearing on the Monitor release is being published by Hargail Music of New York City. It will be named "Billy Edd: U. S. A."

Returning to school in the fall, Billy Edd will study playwriting at the Drama School of Yale University, where he has been awarded a scholarship. His interest in playwriting began at Berea College under the encouragement and supervision of Dr. Fred Parrott, director of the dramatics program, and Miss Emily Ann Smith, chairman of the Department of English.

He received his degree in English in 1955. Six of his original plays have been produced on the Berea College stage.

Billy Edd's interests, aside from writing and music, include flying, painting, photography and sports. In college he earned varsity letters in baseball, soccer, basketball and tennis. He has won several first place awards in photographic contests.

He was born in Whitesville, W. Va., and lived in the small mining camp known as Highcoal for nearly 16 years, before he went away to school in North Carolina. He finished high school and junior college at Warren Wilson Junior College, Swannanoa, N. C.

He traces his interest in composing, writing and singing directly to Warren Wilson. The dean of his school, Dr. Henry W. Jensen, played the guitar (left-handed and upside down) and wrote songs about the hills, the people, and the beauty of North Carolina. He also wrote stories and poetry. This man became Billy Edd's idol and chief inspiration.

"It wasn't a passing thing, either," Billy Edd says. "It was solid. Doc took the same pride in the work of his hands and set for himself the same high standards as in his academic and creative projects. He wasn't pretentious. He was a man you could respect. He still reads my poetry and he is still my most severe critic."

Since Highcoal no longer exists as a coal town, Billy Edd's parents have moved to Central City, Ky.

He says "I'm proud to be a Kentuckian. Our state has a colorful history—has produced great people. We are still isolated in some places, comparatively speaking, but our folks maintain dignity in the face of economic stagnation." END

REPRODUCED FROM THE LEXINGTON (KY.) HERALD-LEADER.

Pickled Beans

by Estelle S. Rizk



September to Belle Sammons means many things, but one thing is certain—it is time to make pickled beans for the winter. As long back as she can remember, there has always been in her family these flavorful sour beans to be washed and fried in bacon fat of a winter's evening for supper. She makes them as her mother did, and her grandmother before that, as it was a way then of preserving green beans before the canner, the pressure cooker, the deep freeze, or even glass jars were to be had.

She uses the corn field green beans if she can get them. These are the fall beans that have been planted in with the field corn, to preserve farm space. But most any good well-filled fall green beans may be used, just so they are still tender enough to string and break.

She had washed them well and picked out any bad ones, and sat stringing and breaking them into inch or two lengths until she had enough to make a full three gallons. That was as much as could be handled easily for a batch, and larger amounts than that did not seem to ferment so well. The beans were then boiled in clear water for thirty minutes, then drained and washed and left in cold water until the beans were thoroughly cold, usually over night. This is the secret of good pickled beans, Belle said.

The next morning they were rinsed well in clear water, drained, and a cup of coarse salt was added to the three gallons of the partially cooked beans and mixed well. Then Belle put the salted beans into a muslin cloth bag—a flour sack or something similar—and put the bag into a four or five gallon stone jar, covering it well with cool water. She twisted the opening of the bag down well, or tied it, put a plate on top of it, and weighted it down with a good sized stone. Then the whole jar was covered tightly on top with some muslin, to keep the gnats out during the fermentation. She made sure that the water came well up over the top of the weight. Belle then set her jar out on the screened in back porch, where the morning sun could heat it. Each day the top cover of the jar was taken off and the scum from the brine skimmed off carefully.

Belle leaves her beans for ten days, though they could be left a day or two longer if one wants them more sour. She tastes them on the tenth day and usually they are just right for her family. Then the stone jar is stored in a cool place for the winter, and ready to prepare for eating any time. September is the best time to fix pickled beans as, if one waits much longer, the days and the nights may become too cool for good fermentation.

To prepare the beans for eating, enough for one meal is taken out, washed and rinsed well in cool water, then drained and fried in bacon or seasoning meat drippings. They are good, different, with a piquant taste that is unlike any remembered taste.

Now that Belle lives in town and has no cool cellar in which to store the stone jar, she packs her beans at the end of the ten days fermentation period in clean sterilized jars, heats the jar lids and seals. They taste as good to her as those that in earlier days were stored away in the large stone jar. Smaller batches may be made than the three gallon, using the salt in proportion, but batches of less than a gallon do not seem to ferment as well. *END*



COMING EVENTS

Sept. 29 - Oct. 1

Adult Section Mountain Folk Festival, Levi Jackson Park, London, Ky. Write to Ethel Capps, College Box 287, Berea, Ky.

Sept. 30 - Oct. 8

Fall Swap Shop and Square Dance Festival. Fontana Village Resort, North Carolina.

Oct. 1 - 14

Craft Workshops (woodcarving, woodworking, weaving, pottery, Christmas decorations). For information, write to Georg Bidstrup, Director, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina.

Oct. 3 - 4

Cherokee Indian Fair, 44th Annual. Cherokee, N. C.

Oct. 24-28

Southern Highland Handicraft Guild Craftsman's Fair to be held at Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

Oct. 27 - 29

Recreation workshop at the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, N. C. Write to Georg Bidstrup, Director.

Oct. 28

Fall Regional Meeting of the Council of the Southern Mountains. Union College, Barbourville, Kentucky.

MOUNTAIN DOORYARDS

by

Dora Read Goodale

"... 'folk' poet in the sense that she was able to attune her ear to the natural poetry inherent in Southern Mountain speech and to record it in authentic spirit and detail, capturing the mountain spirit in its purest essence." Mary Rogers' drawings add the final fillip.

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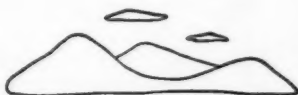
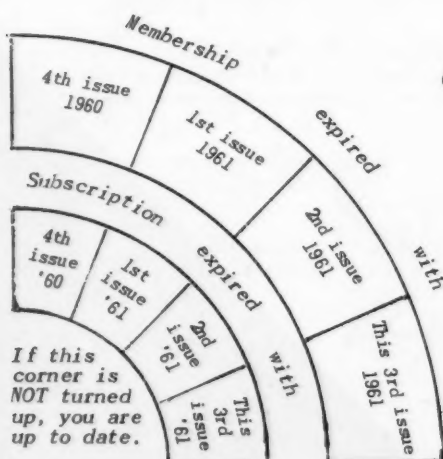
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